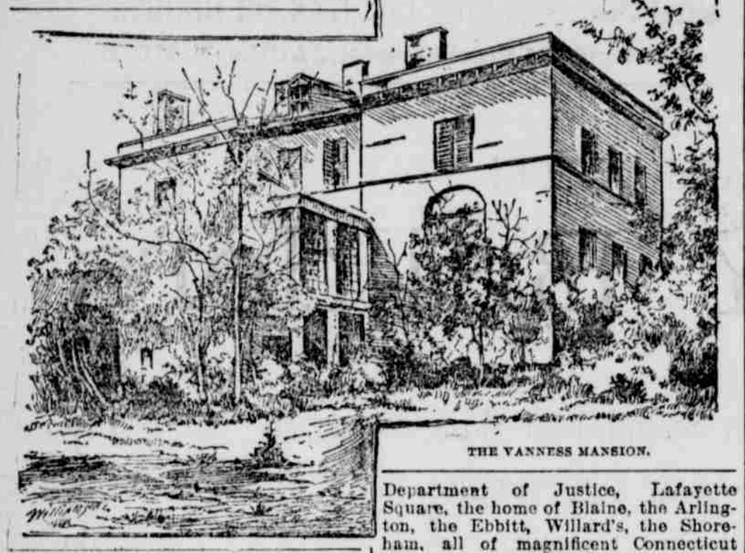
THEIR GLORY HAS GONE

TWO HISTORIC MANSIONS NOW IN DECAY.

Homes at the National Capital That Once Were the Centers of Social Attraction and the Scenes of Gay and Brilliant Gatherings.

THERE are two or three historic objects of interest in Washington, D. C., that tourists rarely see, says the Chicago *Herald*. The army of sight seers, the troop of brides and the countless excursions which almost daily invade the capital miss many most curious things because either they do not know of their existence or don't know where to find them. When people are tired of looking at the great Capitol with its wealth of marble; at the Treasury and its treasures; at the great monument; at the many beauties of the White House, and the myriad of other objects which the guide books lay down—they would find an absorbing interest in a visit to the dilapidated landmarks of the old-time wealth and exclusiveness of early Washington. There are two of these that are conspicuous alike from their former grandeur and old associations and from their present decadence and wreckage. "Duddington Hall" is one of these; "Vanness Manor" is the other. Nobody ought to visit Washington without seeing both these wrecks of forgotten social supremacy, and before seeing them their history should be carefully read. It is full of interest.



THE VANNESS MANSION.

When Washington selected the site of the city that was to bear his name, he found that two men owned the great bulk of the acreage. One was Daniel Carroll, a member of the Carroll family of Maryland, and the other was old Davy Burns, an illiterate and contentious old Scotchman. Between them these men owned nearly 1,500 acres of the very choicest part of the site selected for the new city. Their two farms adjoined. Carroll owned the ground on which the Capitol now stands and all that portion of what is known as Capitol Hill. Old Davy Burnes owned all that the White House and Treasury occupy and all that magnificent section of the city which is now the fashionable residence quarter. His farm took in all the area that is at this time the most fashionable in Washington.

SCENE OF OLD "DAVY'S" QUARREL WITH WASHINGTON.

Daniel Carroll was a gentleman as the term implied in those days. He was educated and was a very intelligent man. He quickly came to terms with Washington and the commissioners for the sale of his property. Old Davy Burns was just the reverse. He was ignorant, opinionated, cantankerous, and morbidly suspicious of General Washington and his intentions. He first would not sell at any price. He and Washington had many a stormy scene in which it is feared that the Father of His Country was more than once moved to white-heated profanity. In fact, the two never did come to terms. One day, as history has it, the General and old Davy sat under a clump of trees in front of old Davy's ramshackle cottage, and in the midst of their discussion Washington dropped some remark which indicated that he felt the humiliation of having to dicker with a social inferior, when old Davy bristled up and in the broadest Scotch replied: "Tut, mon, ye need na carry yersel' so high. If ye had na married the Widow Custis, where would ye be now yersel'?"

Appalled at old Davy's impudence and angered beyond the power of speech, Washington stalked off the premises and would never speak to the old Scotchman again. He turned over the negotiations to the commissioners, who in time brought old Davy to terms, the same as accepted by Carroll. The two farms were to be taken possession of, streets and avenues were to be cut through, and the Government was to take whatever it wished for reservations, sites for public

THE OLD VANNESS STABLE.

buildings, etc. Of the remaining ground facing on the streets and avenues the Government and Carroll and Burns were to divide, each private proprietor to take every alternate lot on his own holding. For that portion of the two farms reserved for public uses Burns and Carroll were to receive $25 per acre, Maryland money, which was then equivalent to $66.66 per acre.

The little hut where old man Burns lived when he cultivated the present site of the White House and the Treasury, the State, War and Navy Departments, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Department of Justice, Lafayette Square, the home of Blaine, the Arlington, the Ebbitt, Willard's, the Shoreham, all of magnificent Connecticut avenue, and the whole northwest section, now selling for $6 a square foot, is still standing and is one of the genuine curiosities of Washington. It is at the foot of Seventeenth street, scarce a stone's throw from the great State, War and Navy Department, and directly opposite the "White Lot," south of the White House. It is out of the course of travel, and is completely swallowed up in the neglected park and the general dilapidation of the greater mansion built in honor of his daughter. Both buildings are wrecks, but the greater interest attaches to old Davy's cabin, because seventy years ago the faithful Marcia would not allow it to be torn down when her husband, made rich by her dowry, built on the same ground the grandest mansion then known in Washington outside the White House. Strange to say, old Davy's cabin still exists, while the greater mansion is rapidly disintegrating.

After old Davy Burns had made this bargain with the Government he knew that eventually he would be rich. He was a widower and had this only child, Marcia. He sent her over to Baltimore to be educated and trained. She grew to womanhood about the time Jefferson was serving his second term. She was accomplished in the fashion of the day and devoted to her father. When she returned to Washington she made no objection to living with the old man in the home cabin. Suitors came galore, because it was known that she was to be the richest woman of the section. It would be quite laughable now if we could get the names of a long roll of even then distinguished young men who

THE OLD "PORTER'S LODGE."

used to invade the famous old cabin and exert all arts to placate the surly and impolite Scotchman. They would bring gallons of "usquebaugh"—a popular drink in those days—and put the old man to bed on it, each one striving meanwhile for but one moment with the beautiful daughter.

It finally came to the luck of Colonel John P. Vanness, of New York, a young member of Congress and a Knickerbocker, a gentleman of fine qualities but a notorious fortune-hunter, to carry off the prize. When he was sober old Davy would run everybody off the premises but Vanness. Him he liked because he was a rollicking kind of a chap, who in a mock way made fun of the then political leaders, whom Davy hated. The result was that Colonel Vanness and Marcia were married, and, with fine regard for his father-in-law and with eyes wide open to the immediate future, went to live in the little old cottage. One can laugh at the self-abnegation of the fortune-hunter when he looks to-day at the rooms and the roof which sheltered the court'y Vanness and his humble bride. The old building has but little changed, except from the work of time. It had four rooms—two below and two above. They are still there. One of the rooms on the lower floor, which was old Davy's bedroom, is now the home of the most ferocious bulldog that mortal eye ever rested upon. Even the negro in charge of the premises will do no more than open the main door on a crack and give the visitor a peep at the cold, malicious eye of old Davy's successor in possession.

OLD "DAVY" BURNS' COTTAGE.

Just after the British destroyed Washington in 1814 old Davy died, and true to his promise he left Marcia the richest woman in Virginia or Maryland. Colonel Vanness, heaving a great sigh of relief, abandoned the old cottage, and with the help of Latrobe, the early architect of the Capitol, began the construction of a mansion commensurate with his Knickerbocker tastes and Marcia's vast wealth. Old Davy was out of the way. "Now let us take our proper position," suggested Colonel Vanness to his beloved Marcia.

They did. Colonel Vanness proceeded to build the once splendid mansion which to-day overshadows the old Burns cottage. He took 40,000 square feet of ground, and inclosed it by a brick wall. Then he built, not more than twenty feet away from the old cottage where he had spent his honeymoon, a house that cost $150,000—an enormous sum in those days for a mansion. It was built upon the colonial idea. There was a grand Southern balcony in the rear and a ponderous *porte cochere* in front through which carriages came and went. The portals of the grand homestead were solid structures in themselves. Every building—mansion, stable, ice-house, and the portal houses—was built of stone and stuccoed. Broad avenues led to the mansion, and they are there yet, though much disfigured by weeds and underbrush.

For years the Vanness mansion and grounds have been given over to negroes. In summer they use the grounds for picnic purposes, and two or three families occupy the basement rooms of the old house. Two or three old scare-crow horses occupy the once regal stables, and a small herd of dirty goats dance on the roof of the old ice-house. Never was the work of time so pitiably revealed.

The Diphtheria Bacillus.

The ardor with which the study of the causation of diphtheria has been pursued among those who are engaged in that branch of medical science has been at last rewarded by the discovery of the true diphtheria bacillus. The most eminent bacteriologists in the world with great unanimity announce the fact.

Doctor Klein, the eminent English bacteriologist, has published an elaborate report in the nineteenth annual report of the local government, in which he enters into the details of his methods of investigation and his tests. His paper contains several facts of prime importance, a knowledge of which should be generally known. Among them are the following: Some of the lower animals, particularly cows and house cats, are susceptible to the disease, and instances are cited in which the domestic cat has communicated the infection to the family to which it belonged, with fatal results. He has also demonstrated the presence of the infection in the milk of cows previously inoculated with diphtheria bacilli.

He takes occasion to emphasize another fact which is of great practical importance and should always be borne in mind by health officers, to wit: The contagion of diphtheria is to be classed with those which can exist and thrive outside the human body. "It is a matter of common belief," he says, "that a room may retain active the diphtheritic contagion for a very long period; that milk may be not only the vehicle but even the multiplying ground of the diphtheritic contagion; that sewer air and sewage may contain and be the means of distributing this contagion." These points are of much import in investigating new outbreaks of this disease.

Nervous Headache.

Nervous headache is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to describe or to treat, inasmuch as it is not a disease but a sympton, the cause of which may be in some remote part of the system. One form of nervous headache, which is unmistakable, though not always understood as such, consists of a dull grinding pain at the back of the head near the base of the brain, where the nerves of the spinal cord enlarge and ramify for the formation of the brain. Pain in this locality, frequently down the neck, is a sure indication of impaired nervous action, and should be treated accordingly. In another direction nervous trouble produces a violent headache—that is from the medium of the stomach. With many people any deep or sudden emotion, such as grief, fear, or even joy may partially or entirely paralyze the action of the stomach; there is an utter absence of appetite, and the serious headache which results is simply the indication of the trouble. When it is removed, and the stomach resumes its accustomed action, the headache will disappear.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Floating Gardens of Cashmere.

The thousands of floating gardens on the rivers of Cashmere are formed by long sedges which are woven together in the form of a gigantic mat. These sedge grasses, flags, stalks, lilies, etc., are woven on the river or lake banks while their roots are still growing in the slime underneath; the required amount of earth is then superimposed upon the mat; the stalks are then cut and the mat and its load is a full-fledged "floating garden." They are usually about twenty by fifty yards in extent, seldom larger, the full depth of the mat and its earthy covering being about three feet.

A dishonest Cashmiri will sometimes tow his neighbor's garden away from its moorings and sell the produce of the other's toil. The writer has frequently seen one of the largest of these miniature gardens being towed by two men in a row-boat which hardly looked larger than one of the luscious melons serenely reposing on the floating truck farm.

WHICH is the best plan of conversation—the masculine way of each man talking about himself or the feminine way of both women talking about some other woman.

TRUST your fellow-beings and let them help you. Don't be too proud to ask, and accept the humblest work till you can find the task you want.—*Theodore Parker.*

A FAMOUS TREE.

It Bore a Murderer's Head and Was Twice Struck by Lightning.

In conversation with some friends at the Willard the other night, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Hon. John Young Brown spoke of a famous oak tree in Webster County that was from 1811 till 1860 the object that marked the corner of Henderson, Union, and Hopkins counties. The tree has a history. About the beginning of this century two men and three women came into Kentucky from North Carolina. The men were the brothers Harpe, Micajah and Wiley. The elder was a man of gigantic stature, raw-boned, muscular, and athletic; the younger rather small in size, but very agile in his movements, and hardy of physical constitution. Both were fiendish in disposition, passionate, ferocious, and bloodthirsty. Robbery was their trade and murder their amusement. The women who accompanied them were their wives—"Big" Harpe, as the elder was called, having two, and "Little" Harpe, the younger, one. A few days after their advent into Kentucky, on the upper Green River they murdered a man named Langford for no reason that was ever discovered, except their passion for shedding human blood. They were apprehended for the crime and lodged in jail at Danville, from which they managed to escape. Soon after they murdered a small milkboy in Adair County, son of Colonel Trabue. Pursuing their way to Western Kentucky, they murdered in succession three men—Dooley, Gilmore, and Hudgeon. Finally they murdered a whole family of women and children, named Stigall, and a guest of the family, one Love, and set fire to the building. A posse, under the lead of Captain Leeper, a powerful and fearless man, pursued them, and a shot from Leeper's rifle brought down "Big" Harpe, near the foot of the tree mentioned by Mr. Brown. He was desperately wounded, when Stigall, the head of the family murdered by the miscreants, came up and dispatched him. The young Harpe escaped, and was afterward apprehended and hanged for a murder he had committed in Mississippi. "Big" Harpe's head was severed from his body, and some one, ascending the tree spoken of, then a slender sapling, severed the trunk near the top, and, sharpening the standing shaft, stuck the head of the miscreant on it, where it remained for years. The tree was at or near the point where the roads from Henderson, Hopkinsville, and Morganfield intersect, and the place is called "Harpe's Head" to this day. Soon after the head was gibbeted some one ascended the tree and carved the head of a man under Harpe's head, and the effigy yet remains. About four years ago the tree was struck by lightning, and nearly all its branches destroyed. Some months ago it was again stricken with lightning, and the current set it afire, and all that remains of it is a charred trunk, a shaft twenty or thirty feet high, with the carved effigy still plainly to be seen.

JAPAN'S LITTLE POLICEMEN.

Though They Are Small They Are Courageous, Efficient and Gentlemanly.

Those who have seen the policemen of Japan are at a loss to understand why Prince George, when attacked by one of them, did not turn him up and spank him. The Japanese policeman is a very insignificant-looking creature. He is immensely inferior in physique to the common coolie, but, as the Japs are a law abiding people, the arm of the law is not required to be particularly strong. The little policeman of Japan is everywhere. With chrysanthemum badge upon his cap he meets the traveler when he lands and follows him about during his stay. He is met in every room in the hotel, occupies the best box at the theater, and, the last thing at night, he walks into one's bed-chamber, gazes at one in his bed and silently jots his observations down in a note book. In the out-of-the-way

ARRESTING A RUSSIAN BLUEJACKET.

places the Japanese policeman is ever in evidence—the pioneer of Western civilization and the guardian of morals. He is courageous, despite his small physique, and is thoroughly imbued with a strong sense of duty. The Japanese guardian of the peace is looked upon as a gentleman. How different is it with us!

STALE BREAD.

How a Shrewd Baker Established a Big Trade.

The following story of the success of a New York baker and his disposal of stale bread is told by the *Herald:* "It has been a question for many years what becomes of the many billions of pins that are made in all parts of the world, and a similar query might be made concerning loaves of bread which have become too stale for use by the ordinary consumer. When bread which has been bought and not eaten confronts the housewife she knows of various uses for it. There are many uses for bread crumbs in artistic cooking. The French cook can find, it is asserted, a thousand uses for stale bread crumbs. But stale bread in the shop is another thing. Large baking concerns who supply grocers with their product are now making a practice of taking back the unsold supplies of the day before. A few years ago a German-American started business with a borrowed barrel of flour. He had a well-defined idea of how he intended to secure trade. This idea took the form of giving the grocer a guarantee that all unsold loaves would be taken back at their full wholesale price. This plan worked admirably, for many grocers who had not heretofore handled bread saw an opportunity for a possible profit and no loss. What the baker's original idea for the disposition of his stale loaves was is not very clear, but it did not appear to be the kneading over of the old into new material, as a great many suppose bakers are in the habit of doing. Under the new order of things grocers began to make inroads into the trade of the small bakers, and the man who started with his owed-for barrel soon extended his business until it occupied a building half a block in length. As there is scarcely a product in the world to-day of which the waste cannot be turned to some profitable use, so it is with the baker's stale loaves. Many of the poor people of the neighborhood got their bread at a reduced rate because it was one day old, but the problem of disposing of the whole stock each day was finally solved by the Italians. One by one they dropped into the bread factory for stale loaves, until finally there was a regular colony of dealers, male and female, who took all they could get at a price which paid the maker for its extra handling, yet much lower than the price given grocers. The large Italian settlements in Williamsburgh and Brooklyn are fully covered by certain of the dealers. Others of them cover the Harlem district. The chief camping ground for the stale-bread venders, however, is Mulberry street and its intersections. This is the quarter where the man with the bag of bread can always be sure of selling out. In fact, the supply never equals the demand."

THE EXTRA HORSE.

A Beneficent French Institution Which Ought to Be Copied Here.

By French law, on every highway in France, and on every street which has a steep grade, there is stationed at a point where the rise begins, an "extra horse." The law compels the use of this horse until the summit of the hill is reached, and there is a heavy fine for refusing to hire the extra, at a small fixed rate.

THE EXTRA HORSE.

A placard by the roadside indicates the point where the extra horse must be taken on, and another, higher up, shows where he may be dispensed with. All truckmen and other teamsters in large cities pay strict attention to this regulation, framed in the interest of toiling animals.

A Black Beauty.

An amusing story is told of a well-known Russian woman who went recently to enjoy the sulphur baths at Tiflis. On a particular morning the countess entered, as usual, one of the bath rooms. The water had hardly touched her body, however, when, to her horror, she began to turn black. She was so frightened at the transformation that, upon seeing her reflection in the mirror, she fainted. The attendant, who was as greatly startled as her mistress, cried for help. The explanation was simple enough. It was found that the countess was accustomed to paint her face, hands, arms and neck daily with a substance containing zinc. On this fatal day the poor woman had neglected to remove the beautifying coat. The zinc combined with the sulphur and natrium of the water and quickly made an African belle out of the white-skinned bather. A considerable time passed ere the unfortunate woman resumed her natural appearance.

Advice to the Girls.

Girls talk and laugh about marriage as though it were a jubilee, a jolly, gladsome thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is, if it is all right, if they go about it as rational beings, instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business, and that of heart and happiness. Therefore never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth, or standing, or fine person, or manners, but only for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honorable man. Take time, think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment.

Rest as a Medicine.

A physician, writing of rest as a medicine, recommends a short nap in the middle of the day, for those who can take it, as a beneficial addition to the night's sleep. It divides the working time, gives the nervous system a fresh hold on life and enables one to do more than make up for the time so occupied. A caution is given against the indulgence of too long a sleep at such a time, under a penalty of disagreeable relaxation. There has been much discussion regarding the after-dinner nap, many believing it to be injurious, but it is, nevertheless, natural and wholesome.

MEN preach from the housetops while the devil is crawling through the basement windows.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Aug. 23, may be found in John 6: 26-40.

INTRODUCTORY.

This is a lesson linking two worlds together. Christ's presence, as bread of life, makes the heaven of our hopes, the heaven of the hereafter, to be assured, and gives us much of heaven now. Into many a home, during these days of summer, has come the angel of death. Has this scripture been so real and meaningful as to make life to be swallowed up of death? Across the stormy sea, in the verses that just precede, we descry the Lord Jesus approaching his wave-tossed disciples. They cry out at first in apprehension and dread. Then speaks the sweet, reassuring voice, "It is I, be not afraid." O to hear it in sickness, loss, bereavement! "All things work together for good to them that love God." There comes no visitation to us, as the children of God, out of whose depths there speaks not the voice of Jesus. Christ, who could turn water into wine and stone to bread, can take any experience of the soul and make it to mean the pastures green and waters still by which he feeds his own.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Ye seek me. To search for. They had just come to the other side of the sea, looking for him.——Ye saw the miracles. With a true apprehension. They saw the miracles and yet they did not see them, i. e., understand their sign language.——Were filled. A strong word, gorged, satisfied. So much of the flesh is there in our best seeking.

Labor not. It is better to render this as in the verses which follow, work. The word means to be occupied with.——Meat. Food. Or anything to be eaten.——Perishes. Or is brought to naught.——Endureth, i. e., does not come to naught.——Into everlasting life. Or into life eternal. The same food on earth and in heaven.——Give to you. Christ as self-giving.——Him hath God the Father sealed. Literally, "This one hath the Father sealed, God," as if with the name of God. Christ bears the mark and stamp of God. The same word is used of God's people in Rev. vii. 3 ("sealed the servants of our God").

Work the works. Same word as labor in v. 27.——Of God. And so have God's reward for doing God's work.

The work of God. The source and center of all service in faith.——Believe on. A large idea, embracing acceptance, appropriation and trust.——Hath sent. Or simply sent. Aorist tense. From this verb comes the word apostle, one sent.

What sign showest thou then? Literally, What, therefore, doest thou, as a sign. See Revision. Thou, emphatic. —— Believe thee. Not, as our Lord directs in the verse before, "believe on."——What dost thou work? Or, How dost thou work? As if to say, "How do you conduct yourself to prove this divine seal of which you speak?"

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

That meat which endureth. Such meat my soul craves. There is something tenderly pathetic about the cry of that woman at the well when told of the ever springing fountain. "Sir, give me this water that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." She was so tired, so worn with the recurrent thirst, to which she must daily minister with her weary marches across the hot sands. Our Lord would give to her living water, the water of everlasting life. And now he promises living bread, the food of life eternal. "Master, eat," his disciples cry. Jesus: "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." Master, evermore give us this meat. And such he gives. "Hath any man brought him aught to eat?" is the query. No, this is meat purchased at no market-place on earth. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work." And here he says: "The Son of man shall give unto you." Christ teaches us that God has a will and a work in us. When we yield to that will our souls are daily fed, when we bend to that work there is ceaseless strength within. And why does that meat endure? Because the will continues and the work is an everlasting work. Indeed it takes both earth and heaven to "finish" it.

Lord, evermore give us this bread. It is the highest cry of the soul as well as the humblest. Here speaks the spirit within, the spirit that teaches us to say, in child accents, "Abba, Father." It asks and keeps on asking. "Evermore give" is its cry. "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven." He comes and keeps on coming. In this sense, too, we call, "Give us this day our daily bread." The bread of yesterday, the Christ of past experience, we say it reverently, is not enough for to-day. We need to call upon heaven for fresh supplies of grace. New manna, new manifestations of Christ's presence and power. There is bread for adversity and bread for prosperity, bread for the sunlight and bread for the night seasons, bread for Jerusalem's happy hilltops and for Babylon's gloomy banks. Christ comes anew to us in all our experiences. He is living bread. Thus it is that he "giveth life unto the world."

Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out. Who are the cast-aways of earth? Assemble, if you can, in thought, the souls cast out into outer darkness. Who put them there? What was the force that thrust them away? Is Judas one? He went to his own place, self-chosen, self-furnished. Was Dives one? He had Moses and the prophets whom he would not hear, whose counsel he himself cast away. Was the young man whom Jesus loved one? He was entreated to come nigh, but he turned his back on such riches, for he had "great possessions." O the cry that rings through the pit of the lost is one and the same, "We are, by ourselves, cast out, we put God from us, our own sins thrust us from heaven and heaven's delights." It is a truth of all scripture, corroborated by all experience. Christ casts forth no man. He still speaks a kind of pathetic word, of which there is no gainsaying, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

I will raise him up at the last day. Here is faith's remotest confidence. Not yet has this word been fulfilled, for not yet is the last day. But already it is put to the test, already it is, we may say, in process of fulfillment. "Every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him"—these are the conditions. And wherever there is an eye lifted in faith then a name is entered in the Lamb's book of life, and underneath are the words, "I will raise him up at the last day." Oh, the millions that have gone forth from the earth-life in the confident assurance of this text! An assurance it is, well founded. For it is "the Father's will," and what is the Father's will is the Son's work. Two immutable things. Has that will, has that work ever failed? Never! Nor shall it fail in that blessed consummation toward which all else looks forward. "That of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Lord, I believe! and the work is commenced. In that faith I die, and yet I am not dead. Lord, finish thy work!

Next Lesson—"Christ at the Feast." John 7: 31-44.

WITHIN the last century there have been 150,000,000 copies of the Bible printed in the United States. And yet a great many men sit cross-legged in the horse cars and a great many women try to "do" the company by taking advantage of it on the liberal transfer system.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

A BOSTON clergyman preached a sermon assailing chattel mortgage sharks on a recent Sunday. It is said a large fund was raised by the congregation the next day to send him away on a long vacation.—*Kansas City Times.*